

THE LONG GRIM BOOK OF THIN



Paul D. E. Mitchell

*“The true poet is all the time a visionary and
whether with friends or not, as much alone as
a man on his death bed.” - W.B. Yeats.*

Copyright © Paul D. E. Mitchell 2011
www.pdemitchell.com

Wuggles Publishing,
Clydach, Swansea, South Wales,
The Centre of Creation

www.wugglespublishing.co.uk
for books by Chris Thomas, Sarah Wind and others



ISBN 978-1-904043- xx-x

The right of Paul D. E. Mitchell to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Design and Patents Act. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

With thanks to Amy Wack of Seren
and Chris Roberts of Wuggles



*There, but for the grace of God
(and a few convenient definitions), go I.*

Paul D.E. Mitchell

A few years ago, in a church-run café, a dishevelled man carried on a fragmented but intelligent theological debate with invisible friends, angels or possibly demons while the waitresses, who obviously knew him as a harmless regular, came and went and served him tea and scones as his left hand doodled on napkins to leave his...

Art of No

When the overcoat thinned
and I envied the warmth within -
God, I asked myself,
am I turning into some kind
of down-and-out messiah
turning wine into tea
and water into urine?
do I hand down ten commandments
through the clinking of fine bone-china
cups and saucers at coffee mornings?
I am the Christ of no direction!

When this subhuman sinned
and I decried the man within -
God, I asked myself,
why did I dream of symphonies?
evoking ghosts of desire
harmonies to touch the dial
when climbing the bed-sit walls
crawling across the Bach-scored whitewash
on the ceiling - and back down again
while howling songs of no direction.

When this maniac grinned
and I despised the sane within -
God, I asked myself,
why should I not court insanity?
why should I be indifferent?
this time, I'll tread the borders
I'll leave the carpet pristine
with all my knee-prints intact -
signposting paths of no direction.

With this blood-poppy pinned,
I disavowed the fear within -
God, I asked myself,
how can I not bear such inanity?
the inner voice was speaking now:
hail the unholy joy -
the hey ho hiatus
of dropping in, dropping by,
dropping out, dropping through:
that's what his life's illusion etched
on the stainless steel of tea-trays
beneath cream-smear'd china plates
lies his art of no
direction.

Insanity, lunacy, madness, derangement, craziness, dementia, hysteria is all down to definition and relative perspective where murder can be an act of solitary or mob madness - unless you're wearing a uniform - and applies to not just one fractured individual.

Any one of us could find ourselves debating life and the existence of God with invisible attendants yet he was polite to the staff and could obviously handle money as he paid for his endless tea and cake – maybe his only human contact for the entire shapeless day.

You think about risking violent rejection to talk to him but what could any of us say of more comfort than his invisible confessors?

Is there a pattern and divine design in all forms of conflict mental, and physical? Is Einstein's 'Signature of God' etched in the random scratches on stainless steel tea-trays? the finger-patterns drawn in the jam and cream remnants on plates left by lone strangers in tea-rooms? the bee-like waggles of waitresses from table to table or the spiralling doodles left by diners 'sane' - or otherwise?

If you look carefully enough - you'll see the truth is out there and striding the streets at breakneck pace whilst screaming obscenities into mobile phones that don't work...

When you're deprived of sleep and riding the London Underground or even the Paris Metro, the rhythms of the journey seep into your subconscious. Imagine that you are observing a wealthy elderly man and a young woman whom we presume is his wife. They seem newly-wed, wealthy and expensively-dressed as they play tonsil-hockey in the carriage to averted eyes, sotto voce comments of 'gold digger' and the rhythm of the train-wheels as they rattle over rails and points approaching the station where the robotic tannoy announcements finally advise us all to...

MIND THE GAP

penile delinquent
bull-bars akimbo
senile devotion
blond-headed bimbo
the whole shooting-match
is destined for limbo
but I don't care.

sex is infrequent
makes her angrier
renal corrosion
he's pissing Niagara
the hospital snatch
gets him Viagra
for he don't care
he'll do it anywhere.

naked de minimis
leaves her a-quiver
drugs in his system
making him shiver
she will forgive him
once he delivers
for she don't care
she'll do it anywhere
as long as she gets an heir.

prostate effusion
heart-valve explosion
spermal intrusion
urethra corrosion
lie in collusion
die in devotion
for they don't care
they'll do it anywhere
as long as they get an heir
the Messiah she plans to bear.

she won't mind the gap
for that money-shot
and covers the trap
with forget-me-knot
his drip-feed tap
seeps noble rot
as his heart impales
on her exquisite
blood-red
finger-nails.



Over the last decade or so, poignant roadside shrines to crash fatalities have increased – often young men in fast and/or stolen cars but time passes, flowers and snapshots fade but what of the passengers and the poor dead bastards in the other car left...

Shrineless

On the roadside railings
at a red map dot, black spot
flowers duct-tape crucified
black-rim faded snapshot
shards strewn like confetti
tyre-tracks signpost ending
house-bricks uphold a cross
from Sis, uncomprehending.

But the flowers are dead.

Car clips kerb and cartwheels
at a roof flip whack, snap bone
ejects concentric spirals
debris of steel and stone
apocalypse the windscreen
diced glass kiss ascending
into red dim bloody stars
and Sis, uncomprehending.

But the flowers are dead.

Car hits rails and rends them
for their cold catcalls of spineless
his friends now pay the price
sisterless and shrineless
on screens of spark-lit darkness
his life uncoils, unending
then one last recollection
of Sis, uncomprehending.

But the flowers are dead.

In the lost decade of the eighties, I was stuck on a God-forsaken roundabout near the M4 at three in the morning, blue-lipped in freezing rain. A driver slowed but his wife shouted, gesticulated and he accelerated away leaving me half-drowned and hate-filled...

Near Reading In The Rain

Your arse is stuck to hand-stitched leather
as your car's high-tech insulation
makes mincemeat of this wretch-filled weather
but does it fulfil your every wish?
this chrome boxed god of isolation
that keeps you both life-glued together
as passionless as mating fish.

I know my place
from your dead-pan face
near Reading in the rain.

I saw her gesticulating impatience
when you slowed on some impulse to act
I stood awed half-drowned in innocence
when I saw her go mouth-ballistic:
for God's sake, don't make eye contact
and he shall fade from our existence
as transient as statistics.

I view this scene
through your wind-blown-screen
near Reading in the rain.

I can just imagine her addled brains
filled to the brim with press-folk-demons:
I'm the hoodlum gurgling in her drains,
the great unwashed in her Telegraphs
who'll leave her plumply filled with semen
and your Armani damp with bloody stains -
no, dear, don't stop for psychopaths!

I'm Jack-Frost fingered
as this image lingered
near Reading
in the rain...

All flashes of drunken remembrance over many years of drunken insights seem to fuse into one peculiar memory-gapped night. Drifting dazed over dozens of forms, the rhythm of oblivion-seekers finally fuse to their narrative cores so format and tempo temper the different ages of their long grim goodbyes. My God, it takes a long time to get the balance right when you're besotted by the...

Neon-Pretty

I should not be here, walking late
in these neon-pretty twilight zones
I can find no pulse insensate
to resurrect my ghost soul bones
I draw pentagrams that bind us
as I seek my Ouija'd needs
I do penance for my conscience
and my unconscionable deeds.

I side-step the nitty-gritty
and the Faustian flagstone gaps
I OCD this fly-blown city
avoiding pimp-slap Venus traps
I make love to my long-dead ego
amongst the meow-meow hoi polloi
like a lounge-lizard Lothario
penning poems for his joy-toy -

the well-fed, brain-dead, red-head,
what-the-Hell Mary, the One
with the miasma charisma
and the ghastly mascara...

Her boyfriend was this dead-eyed dick
with his sociopathic grins
as sociable as a switch-blade click
until the lithium citrate wins
I ignored his mono-neurone drone
and this chameleonic bore
playing AC/DC phone ring-tones
as he camouflaged the floor.

The juke-box bawled throughout the night
flying fingers on the air-fret board
I was followed by my fans of light
as I shimmied out under the door
I was grabbed by my Hell-Mary hero
this jumped-up jack-knife quiff
where the IQ scale starts at zero
as he screams in hieroglyph:

and scowls: I should not do this,
and growls: I should not be here,
and howls: I should not be who
the fuck I think I am -
confusingly.

Thank God...

The auto-pilot kindly took me home
but as we walked, we were stalked
by splashed unfettered chrome,
cruising symbols whose rolling tyres
brushed percussive fills
of no musical note.

We sang in chromatic harmony
to the humming of the fridges,
we drank ourselves insensible
watching acrobatic midges

through the light-bulbed, sun-starved
dregs of night and shadow-carved -

he said: the neon-pretty kids these days -
we just don't know where it's leading!
I slipped slow and leaning sideways
into oblivion's anonymity
I think I grasped his meaning
as red-eyed as no-entry signs
and bleeding, blinded
by the neon-pretty...

This is a homage to the package holiday where the dud-dud-duh of the ancient, failing air conditioning keeps you sweltered and awake, the lethally live cooker hobs in 'self-catering' spits at you and you wake up to find a mosquito in your ear - and five million Arab hawkers on the patch of greasy, grey sand that was loosely labelled as a beach in the brochure. Then the sizzling obese groans of lobster-red Caucasian alcoholics remind you that....

Life's a Beach

The night declared herself finito
in gentle words with missing vowels
she built pyramids of dead mosquitoes
beneath the whip of bathroom towels
she stirred herself from beneath my bed
with stiletto teeth and staccato growl
she seized my thighs with talons spread
and clawed goodbye like a hungry owl.

The sand declared itself attractive
in gentle words with hissing vowels
where my charity became inactive
beneath sunshades where Arabs prowled
they bombed in blankets my old redoubt
with well-oiled smiles to match my scowls
they pounced upon me with sweet trays out
and depth-charged my poor Eurasian bowels.

I held the ocean within my arms
but when I emerged from that cool embrace
I fell for the moon-bellied mystic charms
of an empty smile on a sculptured face
as she slid her bed beneath my shade
a lithe thonged goddess with feline grace
she pounced as subtle as a hand grenade
a sweet invader of my private space.

I thanked the stars for Mister Spangles
pecs a-glisten with oiled attraction
my siren soon worked out all his angles
and smoothly put her plan in action

at least she tried to drop me gently
as she turned her mind to new distractions
to trade his Lotus for my old Bentley
and leave me stranded in emotional traction.

The sun bespoke its blistering arc
in gentle words with a wit so dry
I packed my bag, slithered through the dark
to the blue ocean bar where the knots untie
as my two new friends grappled in the dunes
I told the barman that I would like to die
as they yes - yes - yessed - beneath that Moon
he said...

(oozing sympathy
and pouring me something
disturbingly green
bristling with parasols
and tasting vaguely of paraffin
so that I needed a whisky chaser
and the distracting clink of ice-cubes
to eradicate the memory)

...life's a beach - and then you fry.



LOVE NOTE

**IF WORDS COULD KILL
I WOULD SPEAK OF YOU
IF THOUGHT COULD KILL
I WOULD THINK OF YOU
IF LOOKS COULD KILL
I WOULD SEE YOU
IF HATE COULD KILL
I WOULD DESPISE YOU
IF LOVE COULD KILL
I WOULD LOVE YOU STILL
IF TRUTH COULD KILL
I WOULD TELL YOU ALL
IF TRUST COULD KILL
I WOULD HAVE DIED
THE INSTANT YOU
SAID YOU
LOVED
ME**

Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together here in the sign of God – and in the face of this company – to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which is commended to be honourable among all men; and therefore – is not by any – to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly – but reverently, discreetly, advisedly and solemnly. Into this holy estate these two persons present now come to be joined. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together – let them speak now or forever hold their peace. Marriage is the union of husband and wife in heart, body and mind. It is intended for their mutual joy – and for the help and comfort given on another in prosperity and adversity. But more importantly – it is a means through which a stable and loving environment may be attained. Through marriage, GROOM'S NAME and BRIDE'S NAME make a commitment together to face their disappointments – embrace their dreams – realize their hopes – and accept each other's failures. GROOM'S NAME and BRIDE'S NAME will promise one another to aspire to these ideals throughout their lives together – through mutual understanding – openness – and sensitivity to each other. We are here today –

Death In A Drive By

What could be worse than being shot in a drive-by
A block in the back of the head by a fly-by
Talked half insane by some half-assed wise guy
Getting stoned to death by a dread-locked I-and-I
Blinded right and left by two fingers of red-eye
Your heart lies in ruins after one bit-chin bye-bye
A last supper microwaved ending up ionised
Secrets are scattered in a death-rattle final sigh.

What could be worse than living dead as a beach-bum
A hole in the head from a wise-cracking dum-dum
To lose the will to live in a mind-numbing humdrum
Drowning in whispers in a deep bowl of dim sum
Becoming enslaved to two black bottles of white rum
Lust-fuelled excuses when you know that you can't come
That heart-felt apology when your feelings have gone numb
You're just a dirty dish in a sink full of pond scum.

Love like a cheetah when your libido's on go-slow
Your life story bombs when everybody's a no-show
Like watching drying paint with the camera in slo-mo
Discussing your philosophy with people you don't know
Santa pays for threesomes with his slay-riding ho-ho
Because you make your moves when the signal's a no-go
You haven't got a clue on how to go with the flow, Joe
There's more to confrontation than to sneak in a low blow.

Praying for salvation in empty dust-covered pews
Searching crucifixions for the faintest of clues
Starry-eyed and witless reading yesterday's news
Rooms full of cent jars for that impossible cruise
Another wingless bar-fly getting bug-eyed with booze
Vomit and blood discolour your blue suede shoes
That's what life is like when you're paying your dues
You've got nothing but a future - and fuck-all to lose....

What could be worse? Death in a drive-by
What could be worse? Death in a drive-by....

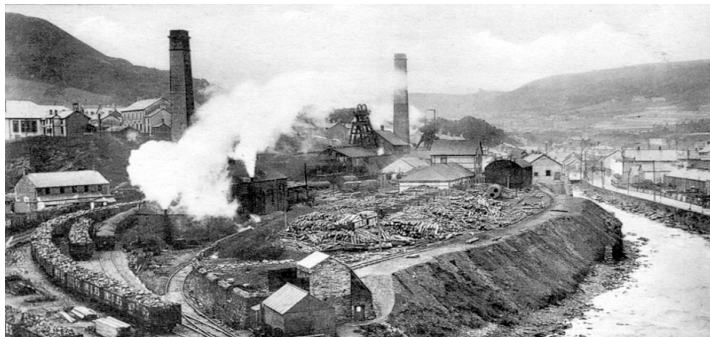
First published in 1999, this was one of the first poems I was moved to write for the grandfather I never met due to the heavy price paid by South Wales colliers - Stan Mitchell passed from being choirboy at Llandaff Cathedral to the Porth coal mines and an early death from emphysema. I saw grainy photos of the chest wards where huge bedside oxygen cylinders, black with white tops, resembled wimpled nuns spreading the Word of God like...

Hissing Missionaries

The price crushes them
their chests heave
their breath coming less than it goes
row upon row upon row,
blue-lipped miners in hospital cradles.

Oxygen cylinders stand to attention
by their beds
like black-robed hissing missionaries
hearing lungs confessing sins,
betraying confidences.

Metal habits clink and ring
like thin cathedral bells
they call that faithful grey-faced flock
and the nebuliser choir
to one last critical mass
with the hymn numbers clearly etched
upon the plastics of their face-masks.



When you start experiencing severe colon pains, constipation and bloating and flatulence, you realise far too late that it is due to wheat (gluten) intolerance and the abomination of processed foods. Next you discover that the medical suffix 'opsy' is a prelude to such unpleasantness and pain that those immortal and comforting words swim into pertinent, if not ironic, focus. The references to John Steinbeck's great novel set during the Great Depression are, of course, entirely coincidental – it just happens that the book in many middle-class bathrooms just happens to be...

The Grapes of Wrath

The grapes of wrath are not a novel
but piles that grace a wretched arse;
whether palace-bred or raised in hovel,
it makes one's life a bitter farce:
the strongest-willed are forced to grovel
and wait for things to come to pass...

with grinding teeth and buttocks clenched,
thigh muscles tensed and abs drum-taut
with reddened face and night-clothes drenched,
our victim's strains have come to naught
but for one small rabbit-pellet wrenched:
bloody havoc on his anus wrought.

His poor crossed eyes have seen the glory
of Steinbeck's angels in distress
whose dry dust-bowls bred a bitter story:
where Revelation's cruel winepress
left an impasse red and gory -
with no plot-line twist to second-guess.

His fleets of books are toilet-moored,
when he's squeezing out the vintage
wherein the grapes of wrath are stored
which he'll harvest in his dotage
with terrible, slow and painful sword
the fateful lightning of God's vast rage.

Like route sixty-six, his sigmoid's jammed,
the flatulence is fantastic:
he's squatted, kegeled and then fibre-crammed,
but irrigation proved too drastic
so a last resort's up rectum rammed:
magic bullets wrapped in plastic.

Now on his side our hero rests
in a post-enema'd daze
and dreams of suckling at Nurse Sharon's breasts
as air along his colon plays
endoscopies and biopsy tests
as Nurse Sharon smiles that dreadful phrase:

"You may find this a little... uncomfortable."



"I thought he was going to insert a picture of some bleeding haemorrhoids?"

High-Rise, Dysfunctional

It's got to the stage
when you don't feel dressed
without a sweaty track-suit
yet your running shoes
are virgin-lolicon new.

there's a bottle on the table
that you lean on being drunk
by your Medusa wife
whose very glance turns
your heart and arteries to stone.

Yet it's you who works
who pretends to run
who cleans the flat and gags
on the stale smell of alcohol,
cheap Russian cigarettes
and the snake-oil hair shampoo
she uses for excuses.

Your only son sits dreaming,
your only other son ran away;
his eyes are dead, dilated,
he's intensifying radiation
in the houses down below
watching the bourgeoisie
as they flee beneath a sky
Chernobyl-fallout grey.

Sternly, you tell him to leave
the contaminated plutocrats
exactly where they are
ignorant in irradiated bliss,
encased in bunkered dreams
at twenty-five sieverts a brick.

His mother's serpentine hair
writhes in useless solace,
he bites his lip but cannot speak
but a drop of his hot young blood
eloquently deflowers
your virgin-running shoes.

I was a Cardiff Councillor for nearly 11.5 years and soon discovered that dysfunctional buildings and communities bred dysfunctional families and vice versa – a dreadful cycle that also spiralled down from generation to generation.

I met several men who would never blame themselves for the train-wrecks they'd made of their families. One surprised me with the classical reference about his wife, slumped in a chair with a glass of gin at ten in the morning: "She's like fucking Medusa, she just sits there while everything around her turns to fucking stone!"

Often, the men were also into porn and lounged about in shell-suits and sneakers like they were about to go jogging. Lolicon refers to that ghastly Japanese genre of manga paedophilia porn that infests the net and hints at what our charming heroes may have done to their children.

The radiation reference relates to expensive houses found to have high levels of radon.



If you have never had a severe asthma than imagine hovering on the verge of asphyxia where each shuddering inhalation is a stanza of choking fear that steals everything from you until nothing matters but the next breath. Try breathing in a little as you read each verse but don't exhale until you've experienced...

Asthma

I have no tongue
I grind my teeth
I cannot taste
Your breath takes mine away.

I have no faith
I cross my heart
I cannot pray
Your breath takes mine away.

I make no sound
I close my ears
I cannot hear
Your breath takes mine away.

I have no skin
I'm out of touch
I cannot feel
Your breath takes mine away.

I have no mind
I have no thoughts
I cannot think
Your breath takes mine away.

I have no heart
I feel no loss
I cannot love
Your breath takes mine away.

I have no air
my lungs are void
I cannot breathe
Your death takes mine away.

From the late nineties, binge drinking has made UK city centres extremely dangerous on Friday and Saturday nights but even in the eighties (when Mecca was king of the Lycra-clad cattle-markets) whenever we busked we got hassled and threatened and forever told to play 'Stairway to Heaven' or else. Evenings were lucrative with sax, guitar, double bass but it all got too much with violent drunkards grabbing handfuls of change from sax cases so the band gave up and the streets got a little darker all because...

The Mob – It Disapproved

The street bit through my thin soul
with well-worn cobbled teeth
the pavement itched with eczema
death's diaspora drunk beneath
the half-crushed beer and cola cans
half-chewed burgers, paper bags
specked with vomit, blood and piss
the excrement of bucks and slags.

Bottles cast by idle hands
desecrate these closed church doors
cats cry out with infant voice
the offspring of the whores
a man stands still with mobile phone
screaming obscene Munch-like screams
his hush-puppy hob-nailed boots
crushing yet more urban dreams.

The sun has hawked its photon spit
on the heads of Stoker's spawn
now it's devilry in the revelry
until the discharge of the dawn
pissed down-and-outs in doorways
seek the hooker's empty kiss
they hardly feel the stranger's fist
in their hedonistic bliss.

They breathe in gas from manifolds
they all sing like Satan's bards
their hatreds sear the darkness
fuelled by lust and credit cards
see them dance with Mecca's corpses
disco'd to the third degree
as bacardi'd bromidrosis
slowly brings them to their knees.

Then three men sang of Eden
to the beat of satyr hooves
but as they sang of paradise
the mob - it disapproved
until cash-tills all fall silent
and the dark tsunami fades
dawn sneaks in on Sunday lawns
and upright, blood-stained blades.



We all know someone like this who's abused trust and love for no other reason than they can and that feeling of power they get - like those grotesque 'feeders' who stuff their morbidly obese prey until they're bedridden and dependent on them. Villanelles of villains are not easy but this was inspired by women who danced with others to make their submissive besotted partners jealous and one particular manipulator boasting in a pub about how he compared his wife's performance to that of his mistresses - to her face! He found the condemnation perplexing even *amusing*. You can't let them get one over on you, he said, it's all a game that you...

Slip, Into

Merciless, I watched you slip, into desperation
True and subdued, but imbued, with madness in part
I set your soul ablaze, with no consideration.

Emptiness, I'd see you fill, with each new sensation
You synchronised, my metre, with your beating heart
Merciless, I watched you slip, into desperation.

Tenderly, I'd see you burn, in cruel humiliation
Dry as tinder, and sundered, you let arson start
I set your soul ablaze, with no consideration.

Experienced, I'd see you fade, with my inspiration
I chained heaven, my angel, I tore you apart
Merciless, I watched you slip, into desperation.

Arrogant, I'd see you bleed, and seek no redemption
I ground nitrate, mixed sulphur, with love's charcoal dart
I set your soul ablaze, with no consideration.

Emotionless, I'd watch you drown, I'd found my satiation
I threw ashes, all scattered, with my pointless art
Merciless, I watched you slip, into desperation
I'd set your soul ablaze, with no consideration.

Trillion Bright

Another Dawn
splashed her rose-hazy rays
over my Dickensian brick-work
my chimney-spewing darkness
smearing soot-black urchins' faces
in the bedlam of my dreams
her light revealing life
to those who wish to see...



Blood-red and intensifying
she came swift and silent, sighing
my sulphured parchment-mists defying...

My night crowded into alley-ways
as she swept the darkness from my tiles
chased Jack through sleeping windows
with her eviscerating knives
she was one more quiet wonder
lost to time and tired eyes
and yet again
her trillion bright messengers
went unanswered....

Blood-red and relentless
she pierced my last defences
my sulphured parchment-mistress...

She asked the same old burning question
setting fire to my blankets
charring my sheets
blinding me with her aura
her white-hot corona.

Until one blue and hunting moon
I eclipsed her.

One of Those Towns

It wasn't easy to wake up
with the midwife of all hangovers
as my ceiling gave birth
to all four walls
which in union fused
engaged the floor
dilating to yield the carpet;
which in frayed, stained contractions
spawned the door.

My room was one big happy
slowly rotating family
except for the bastard window
impregnating views,
gestating one of those towns
in-which-the-trains-never-seem-to-stop;
an abortion
beneath a placental sky.

A breakfast of ovaried eggs,
epidural bread,
umbilical bacon,
and spermicide tea
tempted the pillow off my face
to spend my orphaned day
infertile, pregnant pausing
at my out-of-wedlocked window
in one of those towns
drowning in bromide...
dreaming of trains....



A world full of a few haves and three billion have-nots, the vapour trails criss-cross the skies above the dead meat of dole queues where the porn and superhero comics for Orwell's proles is not enough and the dispossessed look up in anger at the...

Jetsam

Beneath the jet-set jetsam
shock-troops goose-step
strike a light finding
kiosks full of corpses
full of dead supermen
a sky so full of clerks...

Above them, sky-light's breaking
glass rains down on flotsam
far off sky-line's shaking
shock-waves goose-bump
sonic booms and finding
Pandora's box is open
and the jet-stream genie's free.

Above them, breathless jetsam,
champagne fluting,
restless, chasing twilight
westwards round the world -
and through their windows in the clouds
the sunshine lingers -
just for them.

Flotsam shake their fists
at their stratospheric trails
they empty out the kiosks
and find the phones all broken
anger gathers new disciples -
speaks their thoughts unspoken
thinks their thoughts uncensored
as it points the path to power
and deprived of hope and heroes
they're taking out the tower...



Fairground A

The wheel takes me up
but how I love the sky expectant
with its one red bleeding eye
injured by horizons.

The wheel takes me down
as evening stirs her sleep
the eyes of night snap open
she sees right through me
like I'm just another ghost
on the ghost-train ride.

The wheel takes me up
I hang there breathing
and catching my breath
but the nets of salt-sea air
are in short supply.

I look across town
your town, my town, our town
where a thousand lonely windows
glitter cathode-blue through lace
for the night is too young
to draw the blind,
to sketch the deaf,
to ink the mind.



Fairground B

and there! silhouetted
against the moving stars
of cars on roads behind
my house, your house, our house
and there, the bedroom where
we touched, tangled and intertwined
riding chariots of moist fire,
oblivious to the wheeling of time,
lulled by the poisons
of such sweet fatigue
until the night retreated
trampling our scattered clothes,
sulking beneath our bed,
fidgeting impatiently,
waiting envy-green
in the wardrobe.

The wheel takes me down
as night boldly straddles
the wall-of-death rider
beguiling and smiling
through the face-paint
of the spectacularly
unfunny clowns.

The wheel takes me up, up, up
up into the arms of my seductress,
bedecked with jewels,
stacked with stars.